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Reading Lessons for the Primary Grades

SCIENCE SERIES, No. 1

Flora J. Cooke

Reading Lesson on the Farm at Thornton

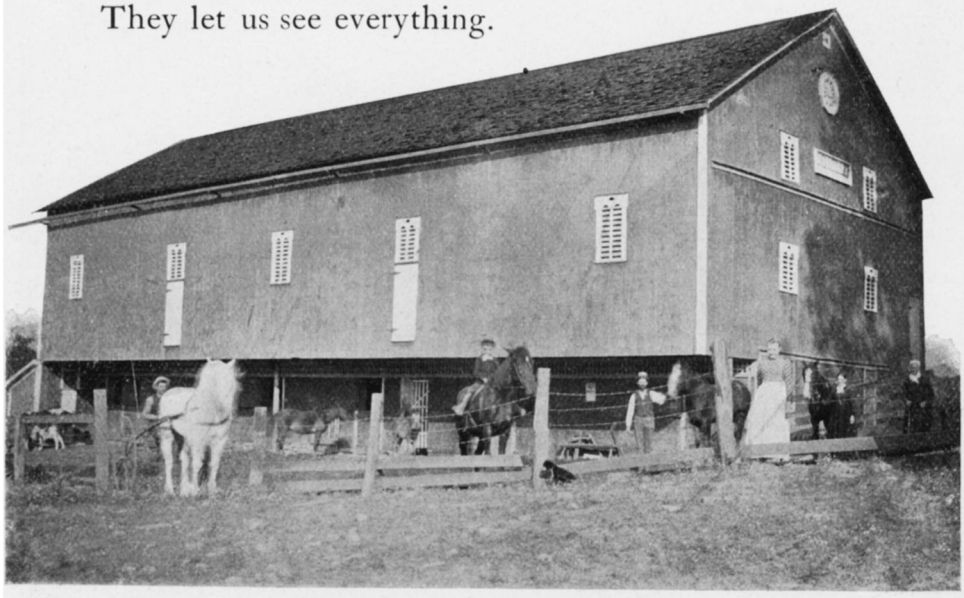
October 2, 1897, we went to visit a farm.
It was a beautiful day.
There was a deep blue sky above us, with not a cloud in it, and cool, fresh air around us.
We had bright sunshine all day long.
"The nicest day of all the year!" said Fritz.
The farm we visited is 15 miles from our school.
It is on Halsted Street.

We might have gone all the way in wagons, but that was too slow for us.
It only took us 42 minutes to go on the train.
Then we were only one mile and a half from the farm.
Big hay-wagons were waiting for us at the station.
Oh, what fun we had going to the farm!

We passed a big limestone quarry.
We wanted to see it, but we could not stop for that.
We passed some beautiful oak woods.
We wanted to gather leaves, but we could not stop for that.
We passed a great yard full of horses and colts.
We wanted to watch them, but we could not stop for that.
We passed cows and calves, goats and little pigs.
We saw old hens and chickens, and a big, proud peacock.
But we could not stop for any of these things.

They needed our horses at the farm, you see.
After a while we came to more beautiful woods.
We heard turkeys gobbling.
We saw a red brick house.
We were at the farm.

The people at the farm were very kind to us.
They came out to meet us.
They let us go everywhere.
They let us see everything.



We went first to the horse-barn.
We saw each horse go into his stall.
They were fine, large horses.
They were black, white, and brown.
Some of us liked the white one best.
Some liked the big black one best.
In each stall was a manger full of hay.
We saw the horses fed and watered.
We saw them hitched up for work.
The man showed us how he kept the horses clean.
He combed their hair with a currycomb.

One boy said, "I am glad my hair is not combed that way!"
The man showed us the hay-loft full of hay.
He showed us the oat-bin full of oats.
Then we went to the cow-barn.
The cows were out in the cow-yard that was back of the barn.
There were 25 cows in the yard.

In the barn was a little black and white calf.
It was only two days old.
Its mother was in the yard.
She kept calling it.
It always answered her.
Moo! moo! said the old cow.
Maa! maa! said the little calf.
We wanted to stay and watch him, but there were many things to see yet.

We had to go on.
We saw all the food for the cows.
There was ground corn, and oats.
There was plenty of hay and corn fodder.
Corn fodder is the dry stalks and blades of corn.
We saw the stalls where the cows were milked.
They were not like the horses' stalls.
There were no mangers in them.
There were slats to hold the cows' heads straight.
Why do people wish to hold the cows' heads straight?
We saw much straw for the cows' beds.
In summer the cows sleep out of doors.
Then we went to see the pigs.
They grunted and squealed when they saw us.
"Give us something to eat," they said.
We ground corn for them in the corn-grinder.

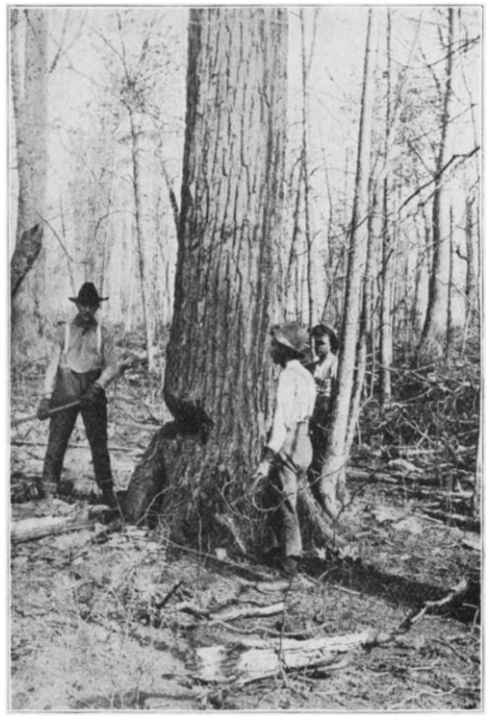
We fed them some of our lunches.
Still they grunted and squealed.
Pigs never seem to know when they have enough to eat.
They would eat all the time, I think.

Here is a flock of sheep.
A man drove them up the lane into this field.
They all followed their leader.
Can you see the black sheep in the picture?

Then we went to see the machines.
There was a shed full of them.
There was a ground-roller.
We rode on that a while.
There was a drill to make holes for the seeds
There was a hay-rake and corn-cutter.

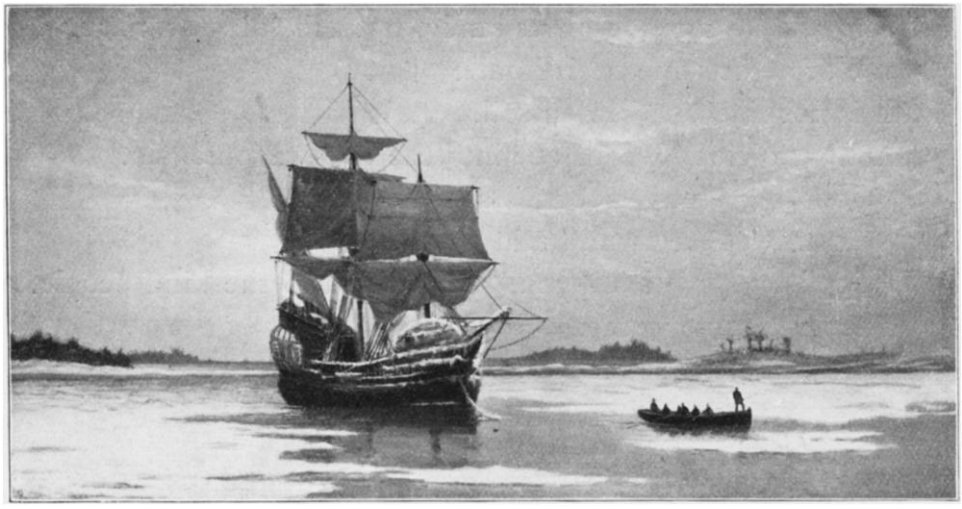
There were a great many other machines, but we did not see them used.
Then it was noon.
We sat down outdoors to eat our lunches.
Some of us sat on pumpkins on the porch.
Some of us sat under the trees.
It was nice to look up at the blue sky.
We had to look out through the red and yellow leaves.
There was a large woods across from the house.
Oh, there were such pretty leaves on those trees!
The oak leaves were purple, brown, and red.
The maple leaves were bright yellow.
The pines were deep green.
After lunch we ran over into the woods.
We played games and climbed trees.
We filled baskets with acorns for Bunny, our squirrel.
We gathered pretty leaves to take home to mother.

We saw a man cut down a pine-tree.
First he cut a notch all around with his ax.
Then he cut in deeper and deeper on one side.
Down came the fine tree.
We wondered why he cut it down.
One boy said, "It 's for a Christmas tree."
Do you think it was?
Another said, "O, they want to get the pineapples."



He thought the cones were pineapples.
That was a joke. Do you know why?
We went to see the man plow a field.
It took three horses to draw the plow.
The plow-knife was round like a wheel.
It cut through the sod.
The plowshare was behind the wheel.
It was made of bright steel.
It turned the soil over.

It was a long, long field, but we went to the end of it.
The soil by the house was sandy, but this soil was black.
We brought some of it home.
It is not like our garden soil.
At four o'clock we all got into the hay-wagon again.
"Good-by, pretty woods," said one girl.
"Good-by, nice farm," said another.
"Good-by, and thank you," we all said to the kind people.
Then we came home.
Was it not a pleasant day?



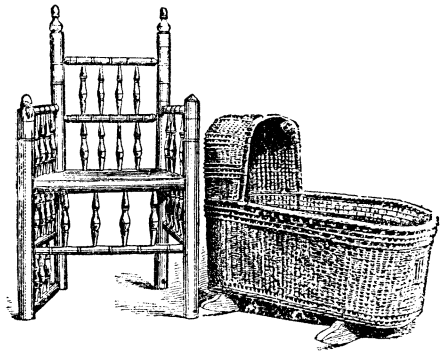
The Pilgrims

History Series, No. 1

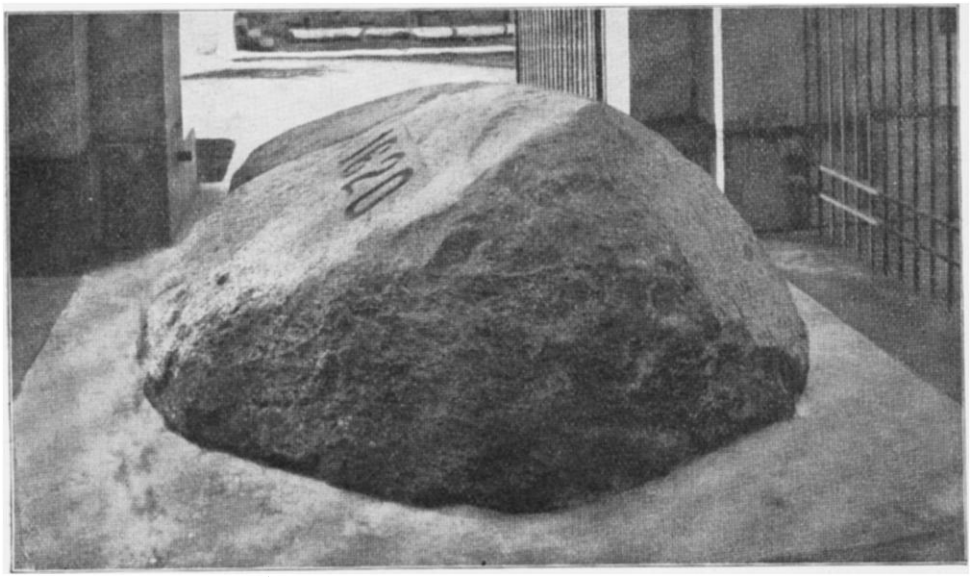
The Pilgrims were a brave people.
They were good.
They wanted to do what they thought was right.
They wanted to govern themselves.
The King of England wanted them to obey him in everything.
So the Pilgrims left England.
They came across the great ocean.
They came in a sailboat called "The Mayflower."

One day a great storm came.
All the sky was dark.
The great waves dashed over the Mayflower.
A beam broke.
But the brave Pilgrims did not lose hope.
They did not turn back.
They fixed the beam with ropes.
They sailed on.

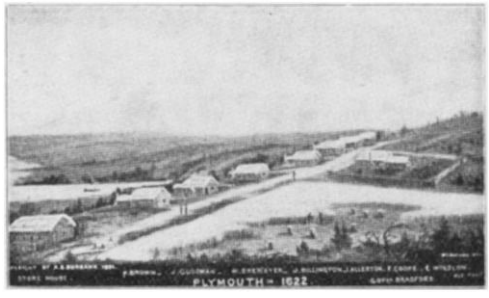
Miles Standish was the Pilgrims' captain.
He was brave and strong.
Which do you think is his picture?
Priscilla is in the picture, too.
She was very kind and brave.
She did many things for the Pilgrims.
She took care of the sick and the children.
She could spin and cook.
She could sing sweet songs.
She could tell good stories.
All the children loved Priscilla.
One day a baby was born on the Mayflower.
His name was Peregrine White.
Peregrine White looked like any other baby.
He could eat and sleep.
He could cry and crow.
He had such a queer cradle.
It is very old now, but we saw it at Plymouth.



It looked just like the picture you see here.
The Pilgrims were on the ship a long time.
There were many dangers.
The Mayflower was not a strong boat.
The great waves tossed it about.
It was very cold, and many were ill.
Often they could not tell where they were going.
At last they saw land.
It was America.
They came into a quiet bay.



They saw a great rock on the shore.
They called it Plymouth Rock.
Here is a picture of the way it looks now.
They landed here.
This was in December.
There was snow on the ground.
The Pilgrims saw bare trees and a gray sky.
They saw no houses.
They saw no people, except a few Indians.
At first the Pilgrims lived on the Mayflower.
The Pilgrim men cut down trees.
They built log houses.
The women and children helped them.

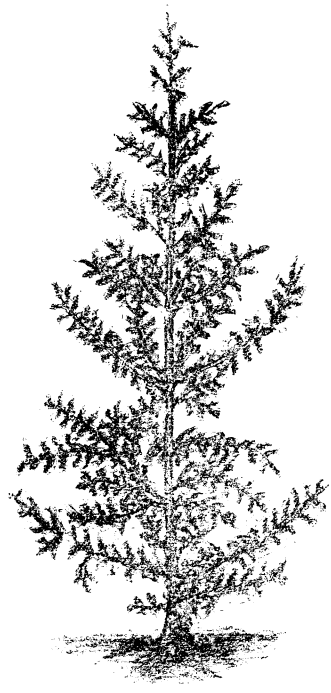


They had little to eat.
Many became ill.
It was a long, sad winter.
One day an Indian came into the village.
He said, "Welcome, Englishmen."
This Indian was Samoset.
The Pilgrims were kind to him.
They gave him beads.
They were red, blue, and yellow.
Samoset thought the beads were beautiful.

He went away, but he soon came again.
He brought Squanto with him.
Squanto was an Indian chief who had lived in England.
He could talk to the Pilgrims.
He was very kind to them.

The Pilgrims had found corn buried in the earth.
They had never seen corn before.
Squanto showed them how to plant it.
Squanto and the Pilgrims feasted together.
They were always good friends.
This made the Pilgrims much safer. Why?
The next year the Pilgrims had a great harvest.
They had warmer houses.
They had plenty of food.
They were well and happy.

The Indians were their friends.
They felt very thankful.
They said, "Let us have a great feast."
"Let us thank God for his blessings."
"Let us share our feast with the Indians."
They feasted and sang and prayed.
This was the first Thanksgiving.



The Story of the First Christmas Tree

LITERATURE SERIES, No. 4

Hans and Gretchen were the children of a poor woodcutter in Germany.

Their house was small and old, but it stood in the midst of a beautiful forest.

In summer the children played in the woods all day long; they climbed the trees and made vine swings. They sailed

leaf boats on the brook. They played with the small animals of the forest, and loved them. They knew where to find the first flowers in the spring and where the best wild fruit grew.

In winter, Hans and Gretchen did not always have enough to eat, but they usually had a good fire, and they were not often unhappy.

One cold Christmas Eve, after the stockings were hung, mother was telling the old story of how Christmas came to be, of the little child in the manger, the star, and the shepherds.

Suddenly, out in the forest, they heard such wonderfully beautiful music that they threw open the door in wonder. There on the steps, in the storm, blue and shivering with cold, stood a little child. They brought him quickly in and rubbed his poor little hands and feet. They warmed their breakfast porridge and fed him all he would eat. Then they gave him the very best place to sit — in mother's lap — until he fell asleep. They shared their own bed with him.

In the morning a most wonderful thing happened. Hans and Gretchen awakened, and again they heard the beautiful music.

It seemed close to their window, and when they looked out they saw, standing in the snow, the little stranger. He was clothed all in light, and many angels sang around him.

Seeing the children, he smiled and said: "When you helped the helpless you were truly helping me."

Then he laid his hand upon a young tree by the door and said:

"As a token of your loving spirit, this tree shall be ever green, and people in many lands shall hang upon its branches gifts of love and good will at Christmas time."

Story of Janus

LITERATURE SERIES, NO. 5

January was named for Janus, the king of the beginnings of things.

The Roman people never began anything without asking Janus to help them. They made pictures of him which looked something like the one given here.

You see he has two faces; one is old, for he is looking backward, and sees all the past; one is young, for he is looking forward to things yet to come.

He has a key in his right hand to open every year, and also to close it again at its end.

He locks it so well that no one can get into a year or out of it before the right time comes.

Janus also has a scepter; the Romans believed that he used it to control the beginnings of all kinds of work.

On the first day of January we say, "Happy New Year!" to our friends, and we truly hope to do only good things all the new year; but we do not ask Janus to help us as the Romans did. They used to burn incense and cakes and fruit,

and offer sacrifices upon twelve altars to Janus at the beginning of each year. Every one promised not to begin anything without asking his help, or end anything without thanking him.

This was not always a good thing for the Romans, for if a careless boy made a mistake he need not say, "It was my own fault I made a bad beginning"; but he could say, "Janus is not willing to have me do this work; he spoiled the beginning of it."

Fortunately, the Roman children had good mothers and soldiers to help them as well as Janus.

A poet tells us that Janus' motto was: "Everything depends upon the beginning." Would you take that for a school motto? Can you make a better one?

Kindergarten

OUTLINE FOR JANUARY AND FEBRUARY, 1901.

Anne Elizabeth Allen

Subject: The balance between demand and supply.

It has been truly said that the luxuries of one generation become the necessities of the next, and it is equally as true that as luxuries become necessities we cease to think as much about the source of their supply. In the commercial world, the balance between demand and supply is kept as even as possible, and the economy so learned is most easily reduced to reason with even very small children. In these two months it will be our aim to bring before the children, objectively, the needs that winter creates, leading them to see the sources of supply and the number of people concerned in making each one of us comfortable.

Their most evident need when the cold weather comes is their clothing, which impresses them most in heavier coats and caps and the necessity for wearing some covering for the hands.

Beginning in January, then, with their winter clothing and tracing it all to the most immediate source of supply, the store, we may go still farther back, first to the manufacturer and then to the sheep. The shelter our homes afford and the special means used in them for protection against wind might be our next subject, followed by the heating and lighting, observing the different means used for keeping different buildings warm and light, and finding out which is best suited for the buildings we know.

St. Valentine's Day will be celebrated, and for several days previous to the 14th of February a part of each day will be spent in the preparation of valentines. Emphasis will be laid upon the need for neatness and good taste in the selection of